AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE GARDENS OF THE SEA.

The Marvels of the Deep Afford Further Proof of God's Infinite Power and Wisdom-Jonah's Submarine Discoveries -- A New Field For Investigation.

BROOKLYN, Oct. I.—In his sermon this forenoon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, as in many other discourses, Rev. T. De Witt Telmage took his hearers and readers through an untried region of thought and found a subject for most practical gospeli-sation in "The Garden of the Sea." The

text selected was Jonah ii, 5, "The weeds were wrapped about my head."

"The Botany of the Bible; or, God among the Flowers" is a fascinating subject. I hold in my head a book which I brought from Palestine, bound in oil we wood, and within it are neveral forces, which have not only it are pressed flowers, which have not only retained their color, but their aroma. Flowers from Bethiehem, flowers from Jerusalem, flowers from Gethsemane, flowers from Mount of Olives, flowers from Bethany, flowers from Siloam, flowers from the valley of Jehoshaphat, red anemones and wild mignonette, buttercups, dai-sies, cyclamous, camomile, biaebells, ferns, mosses, grasses and a wealth of flora that keeps me far insted by the hour, and every time I open it it is a new revelation. It is the New Testament of the fields. But my text leads us into another realm of the

Having spoken to you in a course of ser-mons about God everywhere—on "The As-tronomy of the Bible; or, God Among the Stars;" 'The Ornithology of the Bible, or, God Among the Birds;" 'The Ichthyology of the Bible; or, God Among the Fishes;" "The Mineralogy of the Bible; or, God Among the Amethysts;" 'The Conchology of the Bible; or, God Among the Shella;" of the Bible; or, God Among the Shells,"
"The Chronology of the Bible; or, God Among the Centuries"—I speak now to you about "The Botany of the Bible; or, God In the Gardens of the Sea."
BOTANY OF THE BUILE,

Although I purposely take this morning for consideration the least observed and least appreciated of all the botanical products of the world, we shall find the contemplation very absorbing. In all our theological seminaries where we make ministers there ought to be professors to give lessons in natural history. Physical science ought to be taught side by side with revelation. It is the same God who inspires the page of the natural world as the page of the Scrip-

What a freshening up it would be to our sermons to press into them even a frag-ment of Mediterranean scaweed: Weshould have fewer sermons awfully dry if we imitated our blessed Lord, and in our dis-courses, like him, we would let a lily bloom, or a crow fly, or a hen brood her chickens, or a crystal of salt flash out the preservative qualities of religion. The trou-ble is that in many of our theological semble is that in many of our theological seminaries men who are so dry themselves they never could get people to come and them them preach are now trying to teach is a poem all whose cantos are rung by reach are now trying to teach young men how to preach, and the student is put between two great presses of dogmatic theology and squeezed until there is no life left in him. Give the poor victim at least one lesson on the botany of the policy of the sea. We call those where we wanted that is the trouble on the land as on the sea. We call those where we wanted that is the trouble of the policy of the polic

That was an awful plunge that the recreant prophet Jonah made when, dropped over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship, he sank many fathems down into a tempestuous sea. Both before and after the monster of the deep swallowed him, he was entangled in scawced. The jungles They are waifs. They are street arabs. of the deep threw their cordage of vegeta-tion around him. Some of this seawed was anchored to the bottom of the watery abysm, and some of it was affoat and swalabysm, and some of it was affont and swallowed by the great sea monster, so that
while the prophet was at the bottom of the
deep after he was horriby imprisoned
he could exclaim and did exclaim in the
words of my text, "The weeds were wrapped about my head."

JONAN'S STREET, and the could be test alone, or something to
give up to decay. Nothing but weeds.
They are down in the cellar of that
tenement house. They swelter in summors
when they see not one blade of green grass,
and sliver in winters that allow them not
one warm cost or the tradence.

or red or intershot of many colors, are most fascinating. They are distributed all over the depths and from Arctic to Autarctic. That God thinks well of them I conclude from the fact that he has made 6,000 species of them. Sometimes these water plants there and don't get back till 12 o'clock at are 400 or 700 feet long, and they cable the night. If it wasn't for her earnin a shillin sea. One specimen has a growth of 1,500 feet.

On the northwest shore of our country is amid which the sea otter makes his home, resting himself on the buoyancy of the leaf and stem. The thickest jungles of the tropics are not more full of vegetation than the depths of the sea. There are forests down there, and vast prairies all abloom, and God walks there as he walked in the garden of Eden "in the cool of the day." Oh, what entrancement, this sub-aqueous world! Oh, the God given wonders of the seaweed! Its birthplace is a palace of crystal. The cradle that rocks it is the storm. Its grave is a sarcophagus of beryl and sapphire. There is no night

down there. There are creatures of God on the bottom of the sea so constructed that strewn all along they make a firmament besprent with stars, constellations and galaxies of impos ing luster. The sea feather is a lamplight er. The gymnotus is an electrician, and he is surcharged with electricity and makes the deep bright with the lightning of the sea. The gorgonia flashes like jewels. There are sea anemones ablaze with light. There are the starfish and moonfish, these called because they so powerfully suggest stellar and lunar illumination

Oh, these midnight lanterns of the ocean caverns: these processions of flame over the white floor of the deep; these illuminations three miles down under the sea, these gorgeously uphoistered castles of the Almighty in the underworld! The author of the text felt the pull of the hidden vegetation of the Mediterranean, whether or not he appreciated its beauty, as he cried out, "The weeds were wrapped about my head."

THE SUPULCHER OF THE SEA.

Let my subject cheer all those who had friends who have been buried at sea or in our great American lakes. Which of us brought up on the Atlantic coast has not brought up on the Atlantic coast has not had kindred or friend thus sepulchered? We had the useless horror of thinking that they were denied proper restingplace. We said: "Oh, if they had lived to come ashore and had then expired! What an alleviation of our trouble it would have been to put them in some beautiful family plot, where we could have planted flowers and trees over them." Why, God did better for them than we could have done for them. They were let down into beautiful gardens. Before they had reached the bottom they had garlands about their brow. In more elaborate and adorned place than tom they had garlands about their brow. of our cities wrote to another saying: "I in more elaborate and adorned place than have heard you are studying for the miniswe could have afforded them they were try. So am I."

put away for the last slumber.

My hearers, I implead you for the news-

foundered and sunken friends are girdled of the letter the newsboy sent back from and canopied and housed with such glories Indiana, where he had been sent to a good

as attend no other Necropolia.

They were swamped in lifeboats, or they struck on Goodwin sands or Deal beach or the Skerries, and were never heard of, or disappeared with the City of Boston, or the Ville de Havre, or the Cymbria, or were run down in a fishing smack that put out from Newfoundland. But dismiss your previous gloom about the horrors of ocean entombment.

Indiana, where he had been sent to a good home, to a New York newsboys' lodging house: "Boys, we should show ourselves that we are no fools; that we can become as respectable as any of the countrymen, for Franklin and Webster and Clay were poor boys once, and even George Law and Vanderbilt and Astor. And now, boys, stand up and let them see you have got the real stuff in you. Come out here and make respectable and honorable men, so they can

When Sevastopol was besieged in the Anglo-French war. Prince Mentchikof, commanding the Russian navy, saw that the only way to keep the English out of the harbor was to sink all of the Russian ships of war in the roadstead, and so 100 reseals and upwers and the conditions of war in the roadstead, and so 100 reseals and reseals and research when that Jonah Hads out that that which time that Jonah Hads out that that which vessels sank. When, after the war was over, our American engineer, Gowan, descended to the depths in a diving bell, it was an impressive spectacle.

SUBLIME BURIAL. One hundred buried ships! But it is that way nearly all across the Atlantic ocean. Ships sunk not by command of admirals, but by the command of cyclones. But they but by the command of cyclones. But they all had sublime burial, and the surroundings amid which they sleep the last sleep are more imposing than the Taj Mahal, the mausoleum with walls incrusted with precious stones and built by the great mogul of India over his empress. Your departed ones were buried in the gardens of the sea, fenced off by hedges of coralline.

The greatest obsequies ever known on the land were those of Moses, where no one but God was present. The sublime report of that entombment is in the book of Deuteronomy, which says that the Lord buried

teronomy, which says that the Lord buried him, and of those who have gone down to slumber in the deep the same may be said—"The Lord buried them." As Christ was buried in a garden, so your shipwrecked friends and those who could not survive till they reached port were put down amid iridescence. In the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher.'

It has always been a mystery what was the particular mode by which George G. Cookman, the pulpit orator of the Methodist church and the chaplain of the American congress, left this life after embarking for England on the steamship President March 11, 1841. That ship never arrived in port. No one ever signaled her, and on both sides of the ocean it has for 50 years been questioned what became of her. But this I know about Cookman-that whether it was leeberg or conflagration midsea or collision he had more garlands on his ocean tomb than if, expiring on land, each of his million friends had put a bouquet on his casket. In the midst of the garden was his

JONAH'S MISTAKES. But that brings me to notice the misnomer in this Jouahitic expression of the text. The prophet not only made a mistake by trying to go to Tarshish when God told him to go to Nineveh, but he made a mistake when he styled as weeds these growths that enwrapped him on the day he sank. A weed is something that is useless. It is something you throw out from the garden. It is something that chokes the wheat. It is something that chokes the wheat. It is something to be grabbed out from among the cotton. It is something unsightly to the eye. It is an invader of the vegetable or floral world. But this growth which sprang up from the depth of the Mediterranean or floated on its surface was among the most beautiful things that ford over makes.

that God ever makes. It was a water plant known as the red colored alga, and no weed at all. It comes from the loom of infinite beauty. It is planted by heavenly love. It is the star of a

weeds that are flowers.

Picked up on the beach of society are children without home, without opportunity for anything but sin, seemingly without God. They are washed up helpless. They are called ragamuffins. They are specified on the religious of the world.

bruise on my face-and I tell him to see what is comin to his children. There's Peggy, goes sellin fruit every night in those cellars in Water street, and they're hells, sir. She's learnin all sorts of bad words or two in them places, I should starve. Oh.

Another one of those poor women, found by a reformatory association, recited her story of want and woe and looked up and said, "I felt so hard to lose the children when they died, but now I'm glad they're gone." Ask any one of a thousand such children on the streets, "Where do you live?" and they will answer, "I don't live nowhere." They will sleep tonight in ash barrels, or under outdoor stairs, or on the wharf, kicked and bruised and hungry. Who cares for them? Once in awhile a city missionary or a tract distributer or a teacher of ragged schools will rescue one of

Yet Jonah did not more completely misrepresent the red sign about his head in the Mediterranean than most people mis-judge these poor and forlors and dying children of the street. They are not weeds. They are immortal flowers—down in the deep sea of woe, but flowers. When society and the church of God come to appre-

Hear it, O, we philanthropic and Christian and merciful souls—not weeds, but flowers. I adjure you as the friends of all newsboys' lodging houses, of all industrial schools, of all homes for friendless girls and for the many reformatories and humane associations now on foot. How much they have already accomplished! Out of what wretchedness, into what good homes! Of 21,000 of these picked up out of the streets

My hearers, I impliend you for the news-boys whose ship went down in our last August hurricane! There are no Green-woods or Laurei Hills or Mount Auburns so beautiful on the land as there are banked and terraced and scooped and hung in the depths of the sea. The bodies of our

and queens unto God forever. It is high time that Jonah finds out that that which

Is about him is not weeds, but flowers.

A WONDERFUL GOD.

As I examine this red alga which was about the recreant prophet down in the Mediterranean depths when in the words have been pouring into our Reasonable -:- Prices. of my text he cried out, "The weeds were wrapped about my head," and I am led thereby to further examine this subma-rine world, I am compelled to exclaim, What a wonderful God we have! I am glad that by diving bell, and "Brooks' deep sea sounding apparatus," and ever improv

the floor of the ocean and report the won-ders wrought by the great God.

Study these gardens of the sea, Easier and easier shall the profounds of the ocean become to us, and more and more its opu-ience of color and plant unroll, especially as "Villeroy's submarine boat" has been constructed making it possible to navigate under the sea almost as well as on the surface of the sea, and unless God in his mercy never for human devastation! Oh, the mar-

them can be spared from the economy of nature. Valleys and mountains and plants stand, all sunken, and now covered with the growths of the sea, as it once was covered with the growths of the land. England and Ireland once all one piece of

to make a channel, and Ireland has become an island. The islands for the most part are only the foreheads of sunken conti-nents. The sea conquering the land all along the coasts and crumbling the hemis-pheres, wider and wider become the subneous dominions. Thank God that skilled hydrographers have made us maps and charts of the rivers and lakes and seas and shown us something of the work of the eternal God in the water worlds,

Thank God that the great Virginian, Lieutenant Maury, lived to give us "The Physical Geography of the Sea," and that men of genius have gone forth to study the so called weeds that wrapped about Jonah's head and have found them to be coronals of beauty, and when the tide receded these scientists have waded down and picked up divinely pictured leaves of the ocean, the naturalists Pike and Hooper and Walters gathering them from the beach of Long Island sound, and Dr. Blodgett preserving them from the shores of Key West, and Professors Emerson and Gray finding them along Boston harbor, and Professor Gibbs

Why confine ourselves to the old and hackneyed illustrations of the wonder work-ings of God when there are at least five and color and movement and habit of oce-anic vegetation crying out: "God! God! He made us. He clothed us. He adorned us. He was the God of our ancestors clear back to the first sea growth, when God divided the waters which were above the firmament from the waters which were under the firmament, and shall be the God of our descendants clear down to the day when the sea shall give up its dead. We have heard his command, and we have obeyed, 'Praise the Lord, dragons and all

conclude he will feed us, and if he suits the algo to the animal life of the deep he will provide the food for our physical and spiritual needs. And if he clothes the flowers of the deep with richness of robe that looks bright as fallen rainbows by day and at night makes the underworld look as though the sea were on fire, surely

or two in them places, I should starve. On, I wish they was out of the city. Yes, it is the truth. I would rather have all my children dead than on the street, but I can't help it."

SAVED BY DEATH

SAVED B be yours and mine, to help, to cheer, to par-don, to save, to imparadise. What matters who in earth or hell is against us if he is for us? Omnipotence to defend us, omdipresence to companion us and infinite

ve to infold and uplift and enrapture us. And when God does small things so well. seemingly taking as much care with the coil of a seaweed as the outbranching of a Lebanon cedar, and with the color of a vegetable growth which is hidden fathoms out of sight as he does with the solferino and purple of a summer sunset, we will be determined to do well all we are called to do, though no one see or appreciate us. Mighty God! Roll in upon our admiration and holy appreciation more of the wonders of this submarine world!

REVELATIONS AFTER DEATH. My joy is that after we are quit of all earthly hindrances we may come back to this world and explore what we cannot now fully investigate. If we shall have power to soar into the atmospheric without faclate their eternal value, there will be more

C. L. Braces and more Van Meters and
more angels of mercy spending their for
tunes and their lives in the rescue.

tigue, I think we shall have power to dive
into the aqueous without peril, and that
the pictured and tessellated sea floor will
be as accessible as now is to the traveler the floor of the Alhambra, and all the gar dens of the deep will then swing open to us their gates as now to the tourist Chats worth opens on public days its cascades and statuary and conservatories for our entrance. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." You cannot make me believe that God hath spread out all that garniture of the deep merely for the polyps and crus tacea to look at.

And if the unintelligent creatures of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic ocean he surrounds with such beautiful grasses of the deep, what a heaven we may expect for our uplifted and rausomed souls when we are unchained of the flesh and rise to realms beatific. Of the flora of that "sea of glass mingled with fire" I have no power to speak, but I shall always be glad that when the prophet of the text, flung over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship, descended into the boiling sea, that which he supposed to be weeds weather.

scended into the boiling sea, that which he supposed to be weeds wrapped about his head were not weeds, but flowers.

And am I not right in this glance at the botany of the Bible in adding to Luke's mint anise and cumin and Matthew's tares, and John's vine, and Solomon's cluster of camphire, and Jeremiah's balm, and John hatternand Lower and Solomon's cluster of camphire, and Jeremiah's balm, and Job's bulrush, and Isaiah's terebinth, and Hosea's thistle, and Ezekiel's cedar. and "the byssop that springeth out of the wall," and the "rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," and the frankincense and myrrh and cassla which the astrol-ogers brought to the manger at least one

stalk of the alga of the Mediterranean And now I make the marine doxology of David my peroration, for it was written about 40 or 50 miles from the place where the scene of the text was enacted. "The sca is his, and he made it, and his hands formed the dry land. Oh, come, let us worship and bow down. Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker, for he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture.

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